

# FORD TIMES

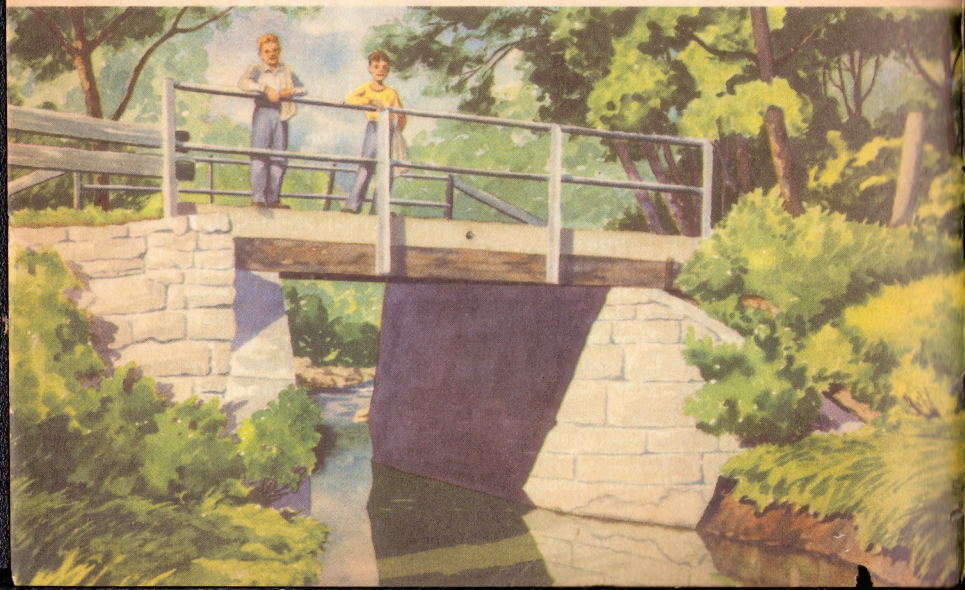


june 1951





*Lead mines and creek in Mineral Point, Wisconsin. Paintings by John Dukes McKee for "Shake Rag Street," by Noel Jordon (page 42)*



# FORD TIMES

June, 1951

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## *My Favorite Town—*

# Three Rivers, Michigan

*by Chet Shafer*

*paintings by Cal Dunn*

DEAR EDITOR: Your letter of recent date received in which you ask about a story on Three Rivers. I don't know. Am I qualified? I only been livin' here on and off since 1894. That's when my Dad lost his job in Elkhart, Indianny, and moved his family up, to clerk in a shoe store, and rented a house to hold seven for six dollars a month across from the old bottlin' works.

I'm afraid I look at things too much through the golden mists of my memories, which makes me more of a somnambulist than a historian. Though the old wooden waterin' trough's been gone for years, I still see it under the wide-spreadin' elm down by Mel Lott's hotel . . . with its cool, moss-swayin' depths . . . and a farmer's hosses submerge their muzzles . . . and yank up t' snort their sprays! And some finicky woman . . . goin' by on the sidewalk, holdin' up her petticoats, gets showered, and she reads the farmer the Riot Act for not teachin' his team better manners!

Maybe this weakness disqualifies me.

However, Three Rivers *is* my favorite town. And we *have* got three rivers!—the St. Joseph, the Rocky and the Portage, all comin' together in the heart of the city. That don't happen often. In fact, in my loose-leaf ledger of reasonably authentic facts, there's only two other instances—Three Rivers, Quebec, and Three Rivers, Texas. And, what's more, here's where we

*Above right: Looking west on M-60 in the center of town.*

*Below right: American Legion home on the bank of the St. Joe.*







*This is "Doc" Perschbacher's Presbyterian Church on Main Street→*

excel the others—

Two miles south we've got Hog Creek, which was renamed by state geographers "Prairie River," but not in *my* book. U.S. 131 and M-60 intersect here, formin' the main four corners where the Soldiers Monument stood before they moved it up to a park to let the Fords, Lincolns and Mercurys get by (adv.). And the Stuckey-McGaffin Company owns the Ford garage on the main four corners.

Otherwise, Three Rivers is about the same as any small town, except, of course, that we had three millponds with three dams up to two years ago when the old dam in the Rocky let go and that pond dreened out through the gap leavin' a mighty desolate picture for a solid sentimentalist, and the only profit in this whole deal was that some ice fishermen located the skeletons of their fish shanties sunk through th' slush-ice of other years and salvaged them. But we still got two ponds left, which proves that it pays to have reserves.

And we've got a senior Chamber of Commerce that is run by a University of Indianny boy named Bill Bott, who, when he got the job, was told by President Russ Breyfogle, "We're expectin' you to build up th' town." And when Bill's wife had another daughter a month later at the hospital Russ said: "I didn't think Bill'd take me so literally!"

We've only got one main stem business district, because the town was built by the pioneers along a hogback between the rivers. But we've got several good-sized industries, like Bill Holbert's Fairbanks-Morse and the Eddy Paper Corporation, and smaller ones like Montie Monroe's Johnson Corporation, which makes a joint for steam lines (adv.), and Adam Armstrong's Shop where they make a steam trap (adv.). Vance Beatty and his 83-year-old father, Frank, run a whop-pin' big nursery, the R. M. Kellogg Company, which was founded back in 1885 by R. M. Kellogg, who had side-curtain whiskers and rode a bicycle—and his whiskers blew wide in the wind as he pedaled along. And A. H. Peterson of the Precision Spring Company, Detroit, and the Pauli Showcase Company, Detroit, just located plants here.

Also, we've got Walt Horst's big high school and a new parochial, and a lot of churches, includin' Doc Perschbacher's Presbyterian where John Hendricks, the janitor, has served

*A popular "night spot" is this popcorn stand in the main square→*







*Immaculate Conception Church near the banks of the St. Joseph→*

for forty-three years steady, while eight preachers have come and gone, which shows which profession is the most stable! Comin' into town from any direction you can see the smoke-stack of Uncle George Radke's paper mill, and the spire of Doc Thayer's Methodist and the cross on Father Jacobs' Church of the Immaculate Conception, high above the green trees of the valley. We've got Masonic and VFW Halls and an American Legion Home. And it was down there last year that a veteran helped celebrate an honored custom on Christmas mornin' at the Bowl & Ladle, and he got back home, late for dinner, makin' loose excuses to his wife, filled with Tom and Perjury. (That's what they say, anyhow.)

Them's all civic assets—plus Corporal Linsley's bank and Uncle Wilst Shumaker's *Daily Commercial*. But, principally, we got folks.

Folks! Somewhere between six and seven thousand, livin' 868 feet above sea level (C. of C. estimate, not mine—I don't carry a ruler) in the four wards separated by the three rivers. They're all in favor of progress . . . and they set around the Sowgernash Country Club on Hog Creek . . . or the Elks Club, or Fred Rohrer's Segar Store, and talk about it. Of course, we lose a citizen now and then. But when we do, we've got four undertakers to arrange the details! (Austin, Halverson, Balch and Mains). That makes for variety. And those who leave go over to the Fifth Ward, which is what they call Riverside Cemetery.

When any of them blink away, I'm saddened. Because for the most part, I know 'em all, and each is one less to say or do something I can write an item about. Just the other day they had the last rites for one of my favorites—Matt VanScooter. He was 80. He began his career as a jockey, then he drove horses to hearses in Jackson, and more horses to the depot back in Homer, on the Old Air Line. He came here forty years ago as a coachman. But, finally, he had to concede to motorization. So he bought a Model T tourin' car, put a cab on the front and a bin body on the back, and became famous as Matt VanScooter, the One-Ton Trucker!

On my lists, with his wizzy mustache, Matt ranked right up close to Byron Benson. Byron, before he died, lived out north and east of town, and had dyspepsy and a flair for poetry. And

*The Rocky River dam once went out and took the mill pond with it→*







his name will never fade—as Byron Benson, the Bilious Bard of the Old Buckhorn Road.

And, not to be crowded out of the picture by any fryers or young squirts, is Dooley the Jooler, who unlocks his safe every morning and gets his box of uncalled-for and unwanted watches and takes them up front to wind and set them, and hangs them on their hooks. While he winds, the gang drifts in one by one. And he has a special insult for each. Nobody would think of goin' by without droppin' in for their Daily Insult. "My day'd be spoiled if I didn't," says Silent Peter Galinet, who runs a restaurant down on the main four corners across from the Stuckeys. And, every day, Kyley the Klothier stops to air his latest thought-out gag. Like the one when he looked at a stockbroker's prospectus on a new offering—and he said that Ulysses, on his return from his Odyssey, was the first to advise that his information, while not guaranteed, was obtained from Circes he believed to be reliable.

But good though they may be, Kyley's gags are always rated by Dooley the Jooler as submarginal.

That's about it, Mr. Editor. Have I proved a case for my old home town? Maybe I could have done you a better job a while back when I had more atmosphere. That is, I had my news bureau for eighteen years one flight up in the old G.A.R., W.R.C., N.R.A., and O.P.A. Hall. I got evicted when they made it into apartments. I had to move into my kitchen. But, I'll be everlastingly proud that I never swept out once! And, before I got the boot, I had built up what Ray Conlon, Grand Rapids Fire Marshal, admitted was the Finest Fire Hazard in America.

Possibly, the one-flight-up flavor would have been better. But, on the other hand, I enjoy my wife's big yard . . . and she loves t' get stooped-over . . . diggin' and plantin' . . . to carry out her ideas. And right now, out the back window, I can see a cluster of three tall, stately yellow tulips, growin' next to her first blue iris bloomin' for Memorial Day, and, in the background, there's an old woodpile, with her lawnmower leanin' against it.

Maybe this is best. Anyhow, I like the town, and will, until it is time to solemnly select one of the undertakers, all good fellows, for the journey over to the Fifth Ward. Until then, I can go right on likin' and livin' in and sometimes bein' disgusted with, but always dingin' the virtues of, Three Rivers. ■





*photography by Wilford L. Miller*

*A Bird of Another Color—  
a one-picture story  
by Mildred J. Ericson*

OUT in North Dakota a number of inquisitive scientists have been taking normally colored pheasants and turning them into four-alarm pheasants like the ones shown above. They've been doing this for the same reason a farmer hangs a bell on a cow: to keep track of it. By making a pheasant plainly visible even in surroundings where he can normally hide from the public, the biologists can discover facts that were previously secret or matters of conjecture, such as movements of broods, mortality of chicks and feeding habits.

The Pittman-Robertson federal aid biologists of the North Dakota Fish and Game Department accomplish the job of turning a pheasant into almost any color of the rainbow in two ways. One is to inject dye into a pheasant egg before it hatches; the chick shown at the left was colored that way. The other bird had its feathers painted after becoming adult.

The experiments are being conducted at the Spiritwood Game Farm near Jamestown, North Dakota. Any traveler who happens to be in that region and sees a scarlet, yellow, blue or green pheasant scuttling through a corn field need not be alarmed. The birds are merely color effects for a scientific investigating committee. ■



## CALIFORNIA'S

# County of "The Feathers"

story and photographs  
by Harry De Lasaux

CALIFORNIA is chock full of wilderness areas. There's one not too well known, only five hours from San Francisco. It's a dazzling pattern of high-ridged mountains with deep streaks of snow along the skyline, gracious meadows below, and a mighty river coursing hurriedly through-out. The Spanish explorer Arguello named it "El Rio de las Plumas," or "River of the Feathers."

The spellbinding Feather River highway, all eighty million dollars' worth, is sixty miles of canyon grandeur unsurpassed in all our land. The grade is high gear all the way, combining exciting lofty views with river-level scenes.

Your first spectacular view of the Feather River country is north-east of Oroville. From a great height you come out upon a tremendous canyon spanned by a

pair of bridges, the road rolling high across the rock formations directly over the Western Pacific's railroad bridge, close to the white water. This is at Pulga (Spanish for flea). From then on the railroad and highway cross again and again, and it's always a thrill.

If you think of the Feather River dividing a marvelous scenic area in the middle, and dominating it, you will have a fair picture of Plumas County's wilderness beauty.

The highway follows the North Fork of the river and from both sides brilliant streams feed it abundantly and dramatically. Buck's Creek, hitched to electric power, drops down the sheer cliffs via two huge pipes, where, at Storrie, the generating station empties it into the river. Just beyond, atop the high country to

*Above right: Snow at Buck's Lake as fishing season opens.  
Below right: Feeder streams of Feather River always run fast.*





the south is Buck's Lake, famous for its trout. There, around the first of June, the season opens for trolling, and generally at that time the snow is very much in evidence along the Buck's Lake shores. Beyond Buck's Lake towering Spanish Peak rules the countryside.

On the north side of the main canyon several exciting streams rush in, and they're full of rainbow trout. Chip's Creek, Yellow Creek—where the famous resort of Belden is—the Little North Fork and Indian Creek give the fisherman all he can ask for in big ones. Rainbows up to six pounds are caught in these waters.

The Plumas County high country, where the three forks of the mighty Feather find their headwaters, is a pleasant land of broad green meadows and pine-forested mountains. The air is mellow and lofty there, and it's a thrill just to breathe. But the traveler who knows how to enjoy scenery stops his car often to get out and look around. As nice a meadow setting as any is found around Crescent Mills and Greenville in the Lake Almanor country. They're typical, but there are many other similar settings around Blairsden and Mohawk.

Quincy, county seat, is a town to feel at home in. Folks there mosey around town of an evening just to say hello and chin. You're as much a part of the picture as

though you'd spent your life there.

The town, situated in American Valley, was established by H. J. Bradley in 1854. By donating a building for county use, he encouraged the site as the county seat. Quincy, you'll like. You'll like the bustling affairs of the cattlemen, the out-of-town fishermen, the spice of pine smoke from the big lumber mill east of town.

There are several good free public camp grounds in Plumas County, such as Queen Lily campground on the Little North Fork of the Feather. There, one camper lodged luxuriously in a huge blue trailer with awnings and steel furniture, strolled twenty feet over to the water's edge and hooked himself three nice rainbows for dinner, one of them a two-pounder.

If you'd like to enjoy some real wild country along a pleasant highway, Plumas County is it. Follow State Highway 24 north-east from Oroville. Within an hour's time you'll come upon the massive Feather River canyon, where, at the Pulga bridges, you'll roll across. From then on you'll trace a real river. If you snoop around a bit you'll find places like the Crescent Mills meadow country, Buck's Lake, the town of Quincy, plus the Feather River Inn, and Lake Almanor.

That's California's country of the Feather River, "El Rio de las Plumas." 

*The road runs high over the Western Pacific railroad bridge→*





## *Nature's Happy Recluse*

*by Pete Barrett*

*paintings by Charles Culver*

MY friend Emmett Gowen was on a black bear hunt in Tennessee, the sort of affair where you claw through rugged country all day in the wake of a roaring pack of Plott hounds and a tireless mountaineer guide. At one point Emmett paused by a spring.

"That bear must be quite a character, the way he's fooling the pack," he said, hoping to gain resting time with conversation.

"Hell," said the guide, "all black bears are characters," and they began running again.

The guide might have added that this bear causes woodsmen to declare, often bitterly, that the beast is almost human. Thief, comic, adventurer, he is at the same time the deep woods' most successful recluse.

I was reminded of this last fall, while hunting near a lumber camp

in Newfoundland. A bear had been raiding the garbage bins almost nightly, batting off the heavy covers and then gorging. Twice, on moonlit summer nights, the cook had waited up and shot at the raider with a .22 short to scare him away. By November it had become a Sunday pastime for lumbermen to hunt the bear's den.

One evening a man was cleaning his rifle on the cook-shack steps when he saw a bear emerge cautiously from a patch of birch nearby. He shot it—the bear—a 500-pounder complete with two .22 bullets under its hide. The den? Only ninety-two steps from the cook shack!

When it snowed, the old boy must have foraged elsewhere. And somehow at other times he had avoided making an obvious trail to his quarters, under a blowdown.

*Bear cubs enjoy children's hour→*





Typically, this bear had led a hermit's existence, as does every black bear that has passed the cub stage. He roams the trackless deep woods in solitary contentment, a well-integrated individual with too much curiosity and a raffish sense of humor.

Some of this self-sufficiency must surely stem from early days, for what child psychologist could top this for a rugged start in life? Cubs are born in the cold ebb of winter of a mother who doesn't even awake for the event. Their papa had long since loved her and left her. She may bulk from 200 to 600 pounds, but the cubs—blind, practically hairless—weigh in at a fighting half a pound apiece.

A bear *needs* a laugh occasionally.

One summer morning while camped by a New Hampshire lake I saw a bear indulge in a comic prank with all the glee of a school-boy. I awoke at some noise and looked through the open tent flaps to see this bear close by, one foot in my Dutch oven as he stood sniffing a side of bacon hanging in a tree.

Just then he noticed one of those big, papery wasps' nests in a bush about five feet above the ground. The bear ambled toward it and sat down. It was early and still cool; he must have known all the hornets would be inside their nest.

Presently he made for it with a rolling swagger, reared a little and let go with a Babe Ruth swing. No ball player ever got going faster. Forty yards away, by the lake

shore, he paused to savor the damage. It was devastating. Frustrated wasps circled aimlessly over pulverized bits of nest. I had to back out of the tent that morning.

There are tales that a bear does not feel bee and hornet stings. This is not so; his mouth and other tender parts are just as vulnerable as any animal's. And this sensitivity, coupled with the black's curiosity, frequently kills him when he encounters a porcupine.

A Maine guide told me of a meeting that went like this—a fully grown black approached a porcupine, circled it with interest, then swatted it playfully.

A paw full of quills resulted, of course. When the bear bit at these, some lanced into his tongue and gums. In a bawling rage he then bit the quill pig savagely and slammed off into the woods, no doubt to die later of starvation and infection.

The black lives by the great strength of his forearms. Hunters marvel at huge rocks overturned by feeding bears, and stumps literally batted apart in search of grubs. Unfortunately, the animals often put this same strength to ruinous use in entering and exploring backwoods cabins. Throughout much of Alaska and Canada, a man will worry more about making his cabin bearproof than waterproof.

Legends that the black bear hugs men to death are groundless, of course. He swings, period. And he rarely charges deliberately.



Poor sight and a tendency to bolt downhill from danger are usually the reasons when a bear inadvertently runs toward a hunter.

Happily, the black is a peaceful citizen most of the time. He even avoids fights with his bigger, tougher cousin—the grizzly—by the simple expedient of climbing a tree (a mature grizzly's wrists are stiff; it cannot climb trees).

People give him a lot of names because his color varies so over his huge range, which extends from deep in Mexico to embrace most of Canada and Alaska, and all but a few Eastern and Midwestern states. Brown, cinnamon, cream—

blue, even—that's the black bear, a smart hermit who has learned to get along with man.

In some areas—Maine, for instance—he is considered a pest and there is no closed season. New Brunswick even furnishes free bear licenses to visiting fishermen in the spring. But he gets along just the same. A recent survey shows his numbers have actually increased in the States by about 29 per cent.

He is the subject of more tall tales than any other animal. But the black bear is never around to claim his fame. He lives alone and likes it.

### ***Park and Recreation Week***

The third annual Park and Recreation Week is being observed from May 27 to June 2. The Week was established by the Park and Recreation Council, a non-profit organization of leaders in that field, to remind us of our vast and varied recreational opportunities, from the baseball diamonds on neighborhood playgrounds to the majesties of Yellowstone and Yosemite.

The *FORD TIMES* saluted the first Park and Recreation Week by reprinting the center section of its June, 1949, issue under the title, "Outdoors—U.S.A." This twenty-eight page brochure, illustrated in color, traces the development of the park idea in the United States and lists sources of additional information about local, state and national parks. Many teachers have found it helpful in class work.

The booklet is still available from the Park and Recreation Council, 116 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 3, Illinois. Sample copies, 10c each; fifty for \$1.00 (\$1.25 west of the Rockies); postpaid in the United States. Write for special prices on larger quantities.





# Vermont in the Saddle

by *Ira Henry Freeman*

*photographs by Robert P. Holland*

To hundreds of thousands of summer motorists, the picture postcard aspect of the Green Mountains is familiar. But we discovered that Vermont can look altogether different when viewed from between the ears of a horse.

It is surprising how few vacationists have heard of Vermont trail riding, which is less expensive, less rugged (but faster) than the famous Western pack trips. We—that is, Betty Babcock, my wife, Beatrice, and I—got the idea from the Green Mountain Horse Association of Rutland, Vermont, which has been sponsoring such expeditions since 1926.

This non-profit organization provides trail maps, guide books and advice. Previously, 1,000 miles of bridle trails were maintained throughout the state. They have not all been cleared and marked since the war, but that only adds the thrill of exploration to your trip. A selection of horses is available at Woodstock, Rutland and other places.

We laid out a roughly circular route, starting at Chester and running counter-clockwise around virtually the entire southern half of Vermont. Eleven stopovers of one or two nights at farmhouses and charming inns were arranged. In those eleven “marches” the horses covered 260 miles—hardly the pony express, but not snoring in a hammock either.

In one important respect, our arrangements differed from standard trail riding procedure. We took only two horses for the three of us, and had our car meet us at the scheduled overnight stop at the end of each day's journey. Thus, we traveled luxuriously with all the equipment we wanted. Besides, being one-third mechanized allowed each of us a rest out of the saddle in turn, and afforded us easy access to swimming holes and movies. We highly recommend this practice.

Our custom was for the two horsemen of the day to start promptly after breakfast, leaving the third member of the safari to pack up, pay bills and drive ahead to the next overnight stop. There, the driver found stabling for the horses.

*Above left: Dorothy Scribner and Ida O'Rourke crossing a Vermont field.*

*Below left: Mrs. Janet Savage and Mrs. Patsy Page ford a stream near Stowe.*





←*Trail riders of Vermont often stop at farms.*

He would then be free to loaf until the horsemen appeared in late afternoon, when he would assume the major share of brushing the beasts and cleaning tack. Next day, it would be his turn in the saddle.

The trail riders would carry their lunch, canteens of water, one feed of grain for the horses, a compass, trail map and a handaxe. Sometimes the automobile driver would find a passable logging road by which he could join the horsemen at lunch. Mostly, the horsemen would follow narrow trails through forest solitudes for hours, or shady, dirt roads past remote farms. There is no traffic problem in rural Vermont.

Every day offered enchanting views of smoky peaks, valleys quilted with green "pasters" and yellow "mowins," villages marked by white-steepled churches. Every day we enjoyed an invigorating plunge into a frigid lake or stream, and Yankee meals generously dished out by friendly farmwives. Often we got lost, but that only spiced the adventure. We always broke through the forest somehow, were never bored, suffered no harm except fatigue, and had a lot of fun.

Out of the hills north of Sharon came Cousin Phil Hoyt, a toothless, mossy, bald, ragged, merry old fellow leading a mud turtle on a leash. Laughing incessantly, he regaled us with tall tales about his pet timber wolf and bobcat. We visited the hut in which Cousin Phil lived alone. His bed was a pallet covered with bearskins. The shack was crammed like a junkshop with broken tools, old guns, rusty animal traps, piles of harness, oxbows, sleighbells, cowbells and improbable things like telephones and cradles. Phil said he had quit farming for "tradin' mos' evything." We traded him a dollar for some primitive firetongs and a wooden cricket.

Once, when the map failed us utterly, we called the local telephone operator for information as to a soft road to Bethel.

"Don't know," he replied, "but hold the wire and I'll inquire around. Twenty-five parties on this line. Somebody's bound to have the answer."

So, he hooked up four of these parties and the six of us had a lively round-table discussion. When the natives would disagree, the operator would apologize to me, "Sorry, sir. Arguin' a bit." Finally, we had the consensus of South

←*Time out for lunch beside a small Vermont stream.*

Strafford phone subscribers that there *was* a dirt road all along the south bank of the White River.

We even managed to do a little pioneering. Warning that no one had been over the high mountain trail from Gaysville to North Sherburne, through the heart of the Green Mountain National Forest, since it was washed out by spring floods, did not deter us. Betty and I laboriously toiled over the 4,000-foot peak in chill rain that day, seeing no person or sign.

Since the freshets had left the steep trail filled with loose stones, we had to lead the horses on foot much of the way. We had no idea where we were, and it was pouring. After a long, long while, Betty said shakily, "It's getting dark." I, too, had begun to wonder how we should pass the night in the black forest, cold, wet and hungry. As we plodded on in the drenching, the footing became worse.

Much later, when we were thoroughly discouraged and advancing only mechanically, Betty held up a hand. "Sh!" Holding the horses, we stood silent, straining our ears. Very faintly, in between billows of wind in the trees, we caught an intermittent rushing sound. "Automobiles!" we shouted to-

*Wild apple trees are common along Vermont back roads.*





gether in triumph and relief.

We gained the highway soon after that. To our astonishment, our car, with Beatrice yawning in the driver's seat, was waiting there.

"You'll find our camp two miles straight down this road," she said nonchalantly, as though we had merely been out to the corner store. "Whatever kept you so long?"

---

## *High Tide in Lake Texoma*

*Your tale of a new Texas ocean  
Gives most folks a very wrong notion.  
Our Sooners are ired,  
Want your editor fired,  
For he stirred up a sorry commotion.*

THE above lines, by Dr. J. V. Athey of Bartlesville, Oklahoma, were detonated by Will C. Brown's article on Lake Texoma in the February FORD TIMES. Unhappily, the article was entitled "Our New Ocean in Texas," and since by far the smaller portion of the new ocean is in the Lone Star State, a tidal wave of vituperation, protest, and high white fury crashed in from Oklahoma shores, and we came face to face with the aggregate wrath of a great race of people: the population of the Sooner State. Unable to cope with the situation, we, together with Will C. Brown, left the country, more or less at the request of the House of Representatives of the State of Oklahoma. We return furtively in this issue, and humbly hope that we may some day launch a shallop on the new ocean in Oklahoma, and there fish at peace, and in due accordance with law and geography, meanwhile reciting the inspired words of Representative Lucien D. Spear of Hugo, as follows:

*Oklahoma—where coffee grows on post oak trees,  
And rivers flow with brandy,  
And even the gals who tend the stills  
Are sweet as molasses candy.*

—The Editors

*(The story on the next two pages concerns one of  
the unique results of the creation of Lake Texoma.)*



*Above left, school building of the biological station on Lake Texoma. Above right, a barge serves as a floating classroom. Below left, a couple of school "busses" on the way to class; students do research for Ph.D.'s in swimming trunks or shorts.*



*Above right, Zoo 309 at Hickory Creek Camp; the students came via launches at left. Below left, view of the limestone shore of Lake Texoma. Below right, Denison Dam, which impounded the waters of the Red and Washita Rivers to form the inland ocean.*





☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

☆ *Americamera* ☆

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

## Amphibious School in Oklahoma

*photographs by Carl D. Riggs*

EVER since Lake Texoma swallowed its allotted number of gallons in 1945 it has been recognized as one of the country's best places to unwind in the out-of-doors. Millions of travelers are ready to sign testimonials to that effect.

Now comes the news that this man-made lake on the border of Oklahoma and Texas has become a favored place not only for having fun but for going to school—for studying biology, to be exact. The University of Oklahoma has set up its biological station on Texoma's shores and in Texoma's waters.

The biological station got under way because of an expedition to Lake Texoma in the summer of 1949 by Carl D. Riggs, assistant professor of zoölogy at the University of Oklahoma, who went down to the state's new inland lake with twelve of his students to look into the chemical, physical, and biological conditions there. During the eight weeks they spent, the men lived, ate, slept, and worked on a sixty-foot barge. It was a floating schoolhouse and it gave someone else an idea.

On the north shore of the Red River arm of Texoma there was a five-acre plot of land covered by a dense growth of Bermuda grass, and oak, elm, walnut, maple and chittamwood trees. Someone had begun a building there for a resort hotel but it was never finished. When news of the floating "bug" lab got out, an alumnus of the university bought the land and building and gave it to the school. The state put up the money for completing the project.

Today the biology station is one of the best equipped in the world. Its aquatic stock makes it the envy of other schools. This includes twelve boats and fourteen outboard motors. Students go out swimming or hooking bass when they feel like it, but best of all is working for a degree in a school where shorts and swim suits are the accepted costumes. ■



*White water and quiet water await the foldboater in Quebec.*

LAST month the FORD TIMES published "The Cascades from a Folding Yacht," which touched on foldboating on the violent streams of the West, where haystack rapids thrill the adventurous. In the East one may also find wild rivers, but in general the region is more peaceable. Those who prefer to assemble their clothes-closet yachts beside still waters have a champion in the author whose story begins on the next page.



# Slow Rolls in a Foldboat

by Robert M. Hodesh

paintings by Sascha Maurer

I AM not much of a white-water man myself—which is one of the reasons I prefer to do my fold-boating on some of the more patient rivers of the East. I won't argue against the "rough-string" boating on western rivers—the roar, the speed, and the sharp edge of danger—and I have learned on springtime streams in the Berkshires, lollapaloosas like the Housatonic, that white water "doth spice the dish." But tell me the months are June through October and offer me a choice. I'll take the low road.

Once I put my boat into the Connecticut River at Wethersfield, and for two hours I floated down between the green fields, planted mostly in tobacco, partly in potatoes. On either side the meadows slanted upward, to be punctuated here and there by the clusters of houses and elm trees that are the towns of New England, with a white church spire to authenticate the scene.

I would have wanted no other kind of river there, for on no other could I have left my responsibilities so completely ashore. Had the scenes I was witnessing appeared by chance beside the Salmon in Idaho, or the Rogue in

Oregon, or the Colorado, I would have enjoyed them at my peril for scenes like these can cause a mind to wander, and in a mountain torrent an absent-minded fold-boater might wander upside down.

What I want in a foldboating river is a chance to call my own shots. When the prospect on the Connecticut appeals to me. I want to slow down or haul over to a shore and watch for a while, or tie up for an hour beneath a willow tree. I can't imagine doing this on the hot rod rivers of the West. They will exhilarate you, but once you're in them they won't let go of you until they're good and ready. I often get pooped out on eastern streams that aren't going over three miles an hour, but when I do I can make for shore and relax.

This sedentary attitude, of course, makes me more of a tourist than a foldboater, but an unfettered tourist I prefer to be. When I float through the town of Farmington in Connecticut on the little river of the same name, I like to be able to moor at either bank and gaze for as long as I like at the old homes there. It's wonderful to paddle through a museum.

I feel the same about the lower





← *On most of the Housatonic you should keep both eyes on the road.*

stretches of the Hudson. The cliffs above this noble river are magnificent, and the great estates on its headlands are wondrous to behold. I am therefore grateful that the Hudson is wide and slow. I like the Potomac for the same reason, although sections of it have a bit more dash than the others. The Susquehanna, the Shenandoah and the Delaware fit into the placid pattern. In all these, the action is suited to the scene. You have old hills, old towns, places on which men have long gazed thoughtfully, places filled with what to me is a prime requisite for scenery: human association.

Speaking of the Hudson, and, I guess, of human association, too, it was on the Hudson that I once had to do some worrying along with my gazing. I was on that stretch that runs between Manhattan and New Jersey. New Yorkers call it the North River. I had put into the stream on the Jersey side, near the George Washington Bridge, and had paddled down with the tide for the express purpose of gazing at that skyline to my heart's content. Along came a tug hauling a string of coal barges. Lying parallel to the swells, I was nearly swamped. So I thereafter watched the skyline only with one eye. The other had to warn me against rough water and getting run over by a ferry.

The foldboat does not fit into my predilections merely by accident. I like to be able to carry my transportation in two light bags, assemble it with ease on any shore and take it apart speedily. Moreover, I can do something that no partisan of the broncobusting western rivers can do. I can paddle ten miles upstream before I float back to where the car is, or I can float down first and paddle back, which eliminates the car shuttle that is a necessary part of western foldboating.

To me, a foldboat is a nearly perfect vehicle for seeing the East. That region, particularly New England, calls for walking, slow motoring, or foldboating—or some combination of the three. When I set my little cockleshell down in any languid eastern water, I know I am going to indulge all the sentimental urges of the inner man. Of course I miss the views from the modest hills of the East, but I have found that I'd as soon look up at my scenery as down.

I don't wish to establish a rule on foldboating. I merely state a preference. This talented craft is a natural for cocky streams, for vigor and the plunge. I can see it as a chip in a waterfall, but I prefer to see it imbedded in easy-going water—that is, if I'm in it. Besides, I often take a copy of Thoreau along with me and I like to keep the pages dry. ■

← *The Potomac has its glass-like stretches and then goes—wheeee!*





# Hell's Canyon

## —by Car

*story and photographs*

*by Floyd Bryant*



THERE are various ways of seeing Hell's Canyon—that vast, forbidding chasm along the Idaho-Oregon boundary that has defied adventurers since the time of Lewis and Clark.

The obvious way would be to take a boat down the boiling Snake River which carved it. This has been done a few times in the past hundred-odd years—but so few you could count them on your fingers and have at least a couple of thumbs left over. Blaine Stubblefield, an intrepid citizen of Weiser, Idaho, last summer took one party of sightseers through the canyon in his twin-engine cruiser, *Chief Joseph*, and plans to offer a similar service this summer, giving timid passengers the alternative of walking around the river's six worst rapids.

You might hire a pilot to fly you over the canyon in a plane, or you might pack in on a sure-footed pony. At least one man is known to have *walked* through, taking to the mountains when the going got too steep at the river's brink.

But if you know the right roads you can get a couple of good looks at Hell's Canyon from the family car.

Relatively few people know the canyon exists, and fewer still realize that it is deeper and narrower than the Grand

←Parts of the road to Eagle Bar were blasted out of solid rock.



*The Snake River, at the bottom of Hell's Canyon.*

Canyon of the Colorado. Its deepest section, the twenty-four-mile box canyon about midway between Weiser and Lewiston, Idaho, averages 5,500 feet, and the span from wall to wall varies from four and a half to ten miles. Its greatest depth is 7,900 feet, measuring from the top of He Devil peak to the river level. The Grand Canyon's greatest depth is 5,650 feet, measuring from Bright Angel Point.

But Hell's Canyon lacks the brilliant coloring of the Grand, for its sheer, rugged walls of basalt and granite are rather somber. There is another significant difference which makes the Grand world-famous, while Hell's Canyon is almost unknown: the Colorado River had the grace to carve its gorge from an easily-accessible plateau, while the Snake cut Hell's Canyon between two rows of 10,000-foot peaks, in terrain rough enough to thwart some of our toughest explorers.

Your auto tour of Hell's Canyon starts from the town of Robinette, Oregon. The river road is no parkway, but it follows an old railroad grade and is easy driving, despite the rugged country. Seven miles downstream is the old ferry at Brownlee, operated with river current for power.





*The Seven Devils Range, from the Oregon side.*

Fill your gas tank when you get to Homestead, sometimes called Copperfield, most of whose inhabitants are caretakers for the Idaho Copper Company's neglected mine in the canyon above the town. Take a few minutes to walk up to the mine site—or drive if you can dodge the high centers.

Three miles farther on the road crosses the Snake on the Interstate Bridge. So far, you have been in the outer reaches of Hell's Canyon, but now, on the Idaho side, you can drive close to the mouth of the box canyon. Turn left after you cross the bridge, and follow the narrow road along the river for sixteen miles. It's a private road, owned by the Red Ledge Copper Mine, but it is open to travel by the public.

From here on the canyon gets progressively narrower. Notice the characteristic blue mantle that hangs on the rugged canyon walls. The Snake is rushing alongside you at a good pace toward the box canyon, where it drops about twelve and a half feet per mile—compared with the ten feet per mile of the Colorado at its swiftest. Like to fish? Could you use a two-hundred-pound sturgeon? Many a whopper has been landed along this road. But if you want to look, stop the car. This is

a road that takes all your attention.

Eagle Bar, site of the now-idle Red Ledge Mine, is the turn-around point. Here the Snake makes a sharp bend, and the "bar," of course, is a formation in the river, not a place of refreshment! It may be possible to coax your car a little way beyond Eagle Bar, but it isn't advisable. Drive back the way you came, and at the bridge turn left up the Kleinschmidt grade.

This is a one-track road, and it provides a real thrill as it zigzags up the side of the canyon. If you meet a car coming from the opposite direction—and it's unlikely—one of you will have to back up to the nearest wide spot and let the other pass. Those who are unused to primitive mountain roads will probably prefer to drive *up*, but if you should reverse the itinerary of this trip and thus have to drive *down*, stay in second or low gear, and if you have overdrive, disengage it. Keep a cool head and a firm grip on the wheel and you'll enjoy the drive. From the top, you can look down 5,000 feet to the little thread of road you just took to Eagle Bar and, beside it, the silvery-green river.

Watch the road signs and you will soon come to Cuprum, Idaho, the slim ghost of an old mining town. Here the Copper Lodge opens around June 1 and stays open until October, offering home-cooked meals and overnight facilities.

Your next eight miles by one-track road takes you through the Payette National Forest through near-wilderness country of unsurpassed loveliness, with heavy timber, sheer canyon drops, and lush green range grass dotted with wild flowers. Trout fishing is excellent in nearby lakes and streams. Most of them are virtually untouched—the catch being that there are no roads to them. You must hike in or pack in.

Your destination is Kinney Point, which is an abandoned U.S. Forest Service fire watching station, where the view of Hell's Canyon is excellent. When you first climb out on the rocky summit you will probably be quiet for several minutes. It affects most people that way.

Westward, across the canyon, the Wallows stretch toward the horizon. To your left and right are fold after fold of mountains, shrouded in the famous blue haze. They will remind you of the early report of Robert Stuart, trail finder for John Jacob Astor: "Mountains appear here as if piled on

*Tunnels bore through the canyon's rock walls, on the road to Eagle Bar→*





Mountains . . ." Far down below is the Snake, but between you and that thin silver trickle are several miles of steeply-descending slopes, lushly clothed in the green of forest and range grass that gives Hell's Canyon still another distinction from the barren, sun-baked walls of the Grand.

Take the one-track road back to Cuprum, and thence, by better highway, to Council, Idaho, on U.S. 95. You will have traveled 138 miles—and in this country that's enough for one day.

To see Hell's Canyon from the western side take Oregon state highway 82 from La Grande to Joseph, and then keep traveling eastward on the gravel road to Imnaha, at the foot of the famous "Six-Mile Hill." The hill is quite steep, but adequately graded, and there are plenty of springs by the wayside in case your car needs water. Once on top you will have a splendid view of the almost-impassable Wallowa Mountains reaching to the southeast.

From here on the road is of very moderate grade, winding through thick stands of spruce and fir and pine. The green range grass is flecked with flowers—sego lilies, wild sweet-peas, delicate wild asters. If you are fortunate enough to make your trip about the first of September, you'll find an extra treat in the many huckleberry patches. Campsites are maintained by the Forest Service at various springs.

Your view of Hell's Canyon is from the ranger station at Hat Point. Here you can climb a 120-foot observation tower, and it's worth the effort, for the view is nothing short of breathtaking. To the east, on the Idaho side, is the vast wilderness territory of the Seven Devils Range, with He Devil peak and She Devil peak towering over the five lesser devils. Thousands of feet below you, nearly straight down, is the Snake River. From this distance it looks placid, giving no hint that it is barreling along at about fifteen miles per hour, with rapids and white water that prompted early French-Canadian explorers to call it, *la maudite rivière enragée*.

Hell's Canyon by car! You won't see all of it this easy way, but it will be enough until you work up courage to pack into it or fly over it or shoot the murderous rapids. And it will stick in your memory as the spot where old Mother Nature threw the book at the Northwest. ■

*Copper Lodge, sole survivor of the ghost mining town of Cuprum→*





## PADRE ISLAND—

# Pirates to Pavilions

by Green Peyton

paintings by F. Wenderoth Saunders

STRETCHING from a point opposite Corpus Christi, Texas, almost to the border of Mexico, Padre Island was once a solitary reach of empty shore, haunted by birds, half-wild cattle, and an occasional beachcomber searching the watery hulks washed up out of the Gulf.

Two years ago the Intracoastal Waterway opened its final Gulf-shore link between Corpus Christi and Brownsville, through the Laguna Madre that separates Padre Island from the Texas mainland. Last summer a \$1,250,000 causeway was laid across from Corpus Christi to the Island. These two events together have transformed Padre Island overnight from a wasteland of dunes and surf into a resort that promises to become one of the most popular playgrounds on this seagoing planet.

Padre Island, with its Siamese neighbor, Mustang Island, is the longest stretch of hard-sand beach in the world. In summer it is the coolest spot on the parched plains of Texas. In winter, if not quite so tropical as Miami, it is still mild

enough on warm days for visitors to dabble in the waters.

The Island got its name from a Spanish priest, Padre Nicolas Balli, who was its first owner. From 1879 until 1926 the only permanent resident on the Island was a man named Pat Dunn, who used it for a cattle ranch. He lived in a home built of driftwood which he picked up on the beach. A small remnant of Dunn's ranch is still operated by his son.

The first attempt to turn the Island into a resort was made by a Texas promoter of railroads, Colonel Sam A. Robertson. He put up the Surfside Hotel on the beach, and built a three-mile wooden causeway. A hurricane came along and blew it all away.

For the last fifty years or longer, hardy treasure hunters have camped at intervals along Padre's lonely strand. Back in the time of Jean Lafitte pirates were supposed to have buried some of their loot here.

John Singer is said to have discovered \$80,000 in gold and jewels which he buried under a sand

*Above right: Jerry Mayfield surf-casting on Padre Island.  
Below right: Padre Island beach and dunes from fishing pier.*





dune. He searched for it thereafter until he died, and never found it—the ceaseless wind that blows across the Island had altered the dune beyond recognition. A few old coins have been turned up now and then; a rusty tobacco tin once yielded \$300 in gold.

It was Albert Jones, the oil man, who finally promoted Padre Island to its present prosperous estate. A group of South Texas businessmen organized the Padre Park Association with Jones's blessing to convert the Island into a public beach. Eventually they induced the State of Texas, Nueces County (of which Corpus Christi is a part), and private interests led by Jones to cooperate in opening it up to the number of Texans who go vacationing in summer.

The new causeway, built by the county, is four miles long and three hundred feet wide, and supports a 24-foot concrete highway. On the Island itself the county has laid aside three tracts of land for public parks. A pier for fishermen juts out into the Gulf.

A brisk trade in Island real estate sprang up even before the causeway was completed. Concessionaires spent something over \$750,000 for property on which to build tourist courts, hotels, restaurants, and gasoline stations. When the Island was opened to visitors last June its only facilities besides the pier were a picnic shelter and a dressing room under a tent. Since then, a bathhouse and a restaurant have gone up.

Private investors are hard at work on three motels, a gas station or two, stores, and devices for the amusement of the Island's guests. Travelers who prefer more sumptuous quarters can find them in Corpus Christi. A yacht basin is projected on the Laguna side of the Island, where boats can be hired for deep-sea fishing. (Right now they can be hired in the city.) A boardwalk will presently arise along the beach. Bowling alleys, soft-drink stands, a dancing pavilion, and a swimming pool are all in the making on the Island.

The day is perhaps not far off when Padre Island will become a pleasure coast rivaling the shores of Florida or New Jersey—a solid vista of hotels, cottages, and cabanas reaching for 131 miles down both sides of this knife-thin strip of sand.

Only one cloud darkens Padre Island's prospects. It is the everlasting thought of hurricanes. Like Florida, the Texas Coast is subject to winds that rampage in from the Gulf. It isn't probable that storms could blow the whole Island away. But when they come, there's only one thing you can do. You abandon the Island while the wind-whipped tides race across it. Then you go back and comb the wreckage on the beach for some trace of a habitation.

Padre's sponsors aren't worrying too much about that. They intend to let 'er blow, and to rebuild when the wind dies down. ■





*Art of the Tall Timber—  
a one-picture story*

*story and photograph by Donald B. Estes*

NINE miles north of Hazelton, British Columbia, the Kispiox River empties into the Skeena. An Indian village there (shown above) is called Kispiox, which means hiding place, and is, indeed, far off the beaten track so far as automobile travel is concerned (inland from, and on a level with, the southern tip of Alaska). The adventure of reaching it is topped by a superior display of totem poles in a good state of preservation. To the visitors they are art, to the Indians history books: the figures symbolize events or legends in the history of the tribe. One year a flood tore through Kispiox and many of the totem poles went downstream like so much timber. Those that remain are collectors' items. ■

# Shake Rag Street

by Noel Jordan

paintings by John Dukes McKee

"BY Tre, Pol, and Pen, you shall know the Cornishmen." So runs an old English proverb. It's a handy one to know around the southwestern corner of Wisconsin, where Cornish names are legion, and especially in Mineral Point, population 2,275, once the most important town in the Wisconsin Territory.

There, on Shake Rag Street, the name "Pendarvis" is lettered before a century-old stone house where you can lunch on Cornish favorites like pasties, clotted cream, and saffron cakes. Next door is "Trelawny," and nearby is "Polperro." These and other cottages on an adjoining street have been restored so authentically that they may well be more Cornish than the real Cornwall. The two young men who accomplished this, Robert Neal and Edgar Hellum, might be called honorary Cornishmen for their devotion to a people and a time that are part of our melting-pot heritage.

The Cornish who streamed into southwestern Wisconsin from 1830 to 1850 didn't melt immediately, however. They were clannish and shrewd, and proud of being known as the best miners in the world. They came expecting to get rich and return home. Rumors had reached them, deep in the tin mines of Cornwall, that in Wisconsin Territory "mineral" (the local word for lead) was so plentiful it was poking out of the ground.

Perhaps there was some justification for these wild tales, for in the 1820's, with lead priced at \$80 a ton, a man could make \$100 a week by digging the rich surface deposits. Adventurers swarmed up the Mississippi River to the "New Diggings," as the area was known, and the settlements were wide-open boom towns. Gambling, quarrels, duels, violence, bowie knives and pistols were all part of the local color.

Things had tapered off by the time the Cornish arrived. The price of lead had dropped disastrously and the floaters

*Above right: Polperro has been restored exactly as it was built.*

*Below right: The garden at the north side of Polperro.*





*Pendarvis (left) and Trelawny are authentically furnished→*

had moved on. The *History of Iowa County* describes the newcomers as "a colony of hale, hearty, strong-muscled and stronger-hearted pick and gad artists."

They took over the mines the get-rich-quick boys had abandoned. Even working for someone else—which few did—a man could make \$1 a day in Wisconsin compared with 50c in Cornwall. In spite of the higher cost of living—calico cost 15c a yard instead of 8c as in Cornwall, and a man's suit cost \$25 instead of \$15—they lived comfortably. "Braav and keenly," they might have put it.

They had another, more significant advantage in the new land. In Cornwall mining required so much capital that a workingman could never become an operator. But in Wisconsin each man worked his own "mine"—often merely a matter of taking his pick to a hillside and starting to dig. If Cousin Jack didn't get rich, at least he was his own boss.

In 1850 the stream of Cornish immigration was abruptly diverted to the newly-discovered gold fields of California, but those who had settled in Mineral Point remained to reestablish the pattern of life they knew in their King Arthur homeland.

Along a ravine in Mineral Point they built a row of neat limestone cottages with walls a foot thick and root cellars extending back into the hill. Mornings the men set off to scabble for lead on the neighboring hillsides. At dinner time their wives would shake a white cloth from the doorway to signify that it was time to come home for a "bit o' crib." This bright little pantomime, enacted daily for many years, became a tradition of the town, and the street became Shake Rag.

The lead they mined was shipped down the Mississippi at first, but later the streets of Mineral Point echoed the creak of stout carts, drawn by eight oxen, which carried it overland to Milwaukee. Twice a week the stage from Galena to Madison passed through, nearly always depositing some stranger of vivid personality. One such was the Giant, a circus performer more than seven feet tall with a wife to match, who built a home not far from the town and kept open house for other curious notables. A man who was locally believed to be the lost dauphin of France lived for a time in one of the cottages. Through it all the Cornishmen kept to their pleasant customs—including that of quitting work Saturday noon to spend the

*On fine days guests are served in the court behind Pendarvis→*





*The houses in Jail Alley are typical of the town's older section→*

afternoon over a mug of beer in the "kiddly-winks." These gatherings were more conversational than pot-valiant, for the Cornish were a sober lot, and unfailing attendance at church next day was also part of their routine.

By the end of the century the rich deposits had become considerably less rewarding. Many a Cornishman turned to farm land he once would not have accepted as a gift, and others moved on. The stone houses in Shake Rag Street, left to themselves, began to settle, their stones to separate, their roofs to cave in. They disappeared as younger generations, ashamed, began to tear them down.

This was the way Robert Neal found them in the spring of 1935 when he came back to visit the town where he had spent his boyhood. He fell in love with one particularly charming little house on Shake Rag, with wild plum blossoms and lilacs tumbling onto its roof from the hill at its back, which was about to be sold for taxes. Neal impulsively bought it—then began to wonder how he, an interior decorator, could earn money enough in Mineral Point to support himself and repair his newly-acquired property.

Along came another young man, Edgar Hellum, looking for old building material to restore an early American house in his home town of Stoughton, seventy miles away. The two pooled their resources and concentrated on Neal's stone house which they named "Pendarvis." By September the little cottage, with its terraced, flower-filled garden, was like a freshly-painted section of a faded, dirty canvas.

Neal and Hellum began to serve Cornish meals in Pendarvis to earn money for their project. Then they received an unexpected legacy from a Mineral Point mine investor who had admired their work, and for the first time they could order enough material to work through a month unworried. They bought the houses on each side of Pendarvis and, later, a row of cottages on an adjoining side street.

Now, besides being part of the restoration, the Cornish cottages are dining rooms and guest houses for visitors who come to see the bit of Cornwall that the miners brought to Wisconsin over a century ago, along with their legends and superstitions and "the Ghoulies and Ghosties and long leggety Beasties and Things that gang bump in the night." ■

*"Iowa No. 1," the first Odd Fellows' Hall west of the Alleghenies→*







## CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

*by Melvin Beck*

**A**L LEGROW of Lynbrook, New York, has aptly named his '40 Ford convertible conversion, above, "The Leopard Lounge." This unusual upholstery contrasts strikingly with the de-chromed, ornament-less exterior.

For his grille, LeGrow used the center bar and "derby" from a '49 Ford with a spotlight set in the center. The parking light openings were filled in, and new lights were

installed beneath the bar. Other additions were '47 Mercury 15-inch wheels, steering wheel and bumpers from a '48 Ford, and welded panels in place of the running boards.

The flap from a 1941 Ford was welded into the left rear fender to cover the gasoline tank cap, and special tail lights were installed.

The engine is from a '48 Mercury and has four operating



exhausts. Instrument panel controls are from a '49 Ford, all parts of the dash board being chrome-plated to match, and an air scoop was installed for no-draft ventilation.

J. A. Wright, Ford dealer in Covington, Virginia, sends a picture, upper right, of a pickup his shop made from a wrecked '49 Fordor sedan. The body was cut off just behind the door posts, the front half of the top was bumped out, and the back panel from a used 1941 Ford COE truck was welded on.

The back of the seat was hinged so that the spare could be placed behind, and a '38 Ford pickup bed with fenders was added. The tailor-made pickup was further dressed up with rear fender pants, lead joints, a fez-red paint job, and two-tone red leatherette upholstery with white piping.

Wright informs that hundreds of people have come to see the pickup and that many, thinking it to be a new special model, have tried to place orders for ones like it.

Richard W. Housel of New Hope, Pennsylvania, rounded up new Ford parts from 1936 through 1948 to make the combination convertible shown at right. When parts weren't readily available, Housel made them himself.

He built a car around a '36 chassis and roadster body, cutting the hood in width and adding to it in length. The power plant is a '48 V-8 with dual exhausts. Upholstery is white leatherette.



The front end steering and suspension assemblies were made up of Ford parts from 1946 through 1948.

In his first letter, Housel said, "I have spent eight months of my spare time on the car. I expect it will never be finished, as new ideas keep coming to mind." Housel appears correct in his prediction for, writing later, he advised that his latest refinements were a padded instrument panel and high compression heads for his engine. So far the cost, including the new engine, has been only \$750, a quite reasonable price considering that practically all parts, both purchased and built at home, are new.







# Reunion at the Cave

by Burgess H. Scott

photographs by W. Ray Scott

A MEMBER of the straw-hatted string band stepped up to the P.A. system mike and announced, "We're now aimin' to play *John Henry*."

With that the audience in the rustic amphitheater settled down to a day-long program of folk and gospel music and oratory. For many it was the first get-together in a year.

The setting was in a glade behind Mammoth Cave Hotel, and the occasion the annual Homecoming celebration put on each Fourth of July for the 600 or so families who had to move out when vast Mammoth Cave and 51,000 acres above it were taken over for a national park. The first Homecoming was in 1939, and each year thereafter the displaced residents have returned from neighboring counties and states to visit former homesites which in many cases had been in their families since pioneer days.

Even in the early 1800's when the cave was privately owned, the Fourth was an annual sociable for folks from miles around. Now with several thousand homecomers added to the park's already-heavy tourist volume, the holiday is one of the biggest events on Kentucky's calendar.

Each Fourth the bibbed and tuckered former residents arrive early on foot and by car and truck. In starched bonnets, calico, and Sunday wash pants, they stake out their split baskets of fried chicken and cherry pie, and then talk in groups under the oaks of the hotel's broad lawn. If the Fourth is hot and sultry many of them will sit on the benches at the mouth of the Natural Entrance, where the cave outbreathes billows of 54-degree air. It becomes a field day of family portraits for the gray-haired Mammoth Cave photographer and his varnished hardwood camera.

The string band mentioned above was on the program of the 1950 celebration, and had come forward to fill a vacancy created when the Cave City brass band didn't arrive to play the overture. Its furious fiddling of *John Henry* launched a

*Above left: A portion of the Homecoming crowd hears folk music.*

*Below left: Red Buck Estes entertains with his mighty yell.*





← *An ancient river carved "Onyx Avenue" in the New Discovery.*

songfest by musicians from counties around.

Groups of performers fidgeted on and around the rustic stage as they awaited their turns. The Chaumont Gospel Singers offered "Down Yonder," and "Old Country Church"; the Blanton Brothers fiddled up "Blue Star Special," and "Devil's Dream." Another Gospel group came on with "Lord Lead Me On," and "He Set Me Free."

Mixed in with the singing was a specially adapted sermon by a local preacher, and a running commentary on past life and times by the well known master of ceremonies, R. A. Demunbruin. The only non-evacuee on the program was Dr. Gordon Wilson of Western State College at Bowling Green, but his appearance was valid because he is the only man to have camped 125 nights in the cave and park.

Along toward the end of the afternoon the music of the Lindseyville Quartet was shattered by a wailing, moaning yell from behind the amphitheater stage. Tourists in the audience were alarmed, but to the homecoming element it meant that Edley "Red Buck" Estes had come in from Horse Cave. Red Buck is an old-timer in the neighborhood and a personage because he can yell louder than anybody in the cave country.

He used to yell—or "holler," as he calls it—to let his friends know where he was, back when he hauled railroad ties out of the hill timber. Now the holler is mainly for show purposes, but with one blast he can still make himself heard in portions of Edmondson, Barren, and Hart counties.

His spot on the program was called "Red Buck Special," and his audience demanded the leaf-shaking holler four times before the master of ceremonies called a halt so that the Old Folks Reunion and Election of Officers could take place.

All during the day trips through the cave continued: the big trip that keeps huddled groups of sightseers underground for seven hours; the short trips that offer a quick glimpse of Echo River, or the Frozen Niagara. The presence of many homecomers among the cave trip groups was surprising, but park officials said that repeat visits by old settlers aren't unusual. The cave seems to get in their blood, because year after year up to 33 per cent of the cave's annual quarter-million visitors are Kentuckians or former residents.

← *This travertine dam may have impounded a prehistoric lake.*





←The "Onyx Chamber" in the older portion was discovered in 1923

Some years from now homecomers and visitors will be able to follow their guides through the gypsum-encrusted maze of the New Discovery which first glistened to lantern light in 1938 when four guides stumbled across its hidden entrance. The guides were on a spare-time hunt for eyeless fish on Roaring River, and were also doing some "caving," or exploring, on the side. It was in the fall, low water time, and they were able to go through a low-ceilinged portion of the channel known as The Keyhole.

They squeezed through and were inching forward, pulling their johnboat over intervening sand and mud bars when the lanterns revealed a small muddy hole in the cave wall above the water's edge. The hole turned out to be a wet, sandy crawlway. This gradually widened into an avenue ten feet high, and the guides knew they had pried into something never before seen.

They were stopped once by a large boulder, but they dug around it and found themselves in the midst of what they named the New Discovery. Crystal spires and icicles threw off strange shadows as they walked along the floor of sand and powdered gypsum, leaving the first human footprints.

Animals had found this portion, though. On the ceiling were clusters of live bats, and on the floor myriads of bat bones. A few 'coon bones were scattered around, and there were swarms of beetles and cave crickets.

In the next few years the national park people will be busy readying and lighting the New Discovery, and the Homecoming throngs will have miles of new corridors to roam through. Maybe they'll set aside part of it for a second cave restaurant, and the corridors will be haunted only with the odor of Mammoth Cave's delectable vegetable soup.

They're probably working now on the program for this year's Homecoming. The string bands and Gospel singers will be there, and maybe even now Red Buck Estes is warming up his holler for another audience. There will be a crowd on hand when the program starts this Fourth, and it's open to as many as can find standing room. If there's any doubt as to the wisdom of attending, we have this to offer: A man from Ohio has visited Mammoth Cave every Fourth for thirty-two years. They expect him back again next month. ■

←A motor launch pushes this little ferry across the Green River.





# *Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns*

## *Flagship, Massachusetts*

### **Clam Chowder**

1 pint sea clams (hard shell clams)  
¼ pound fat salt pork  
2 medium onions  
3 large potatoes  
1 quart water, approx.  
Evaporated milk  
Salt and pepper, to taste

Use coarse blade food chopper on all ingredients. Brown pork, then add onions, stirring until slightly brown. Add water and when it starts to boil add ground potatoes. Cook until tender, add clams last, then boil about two minutes before lowering heat to simmer for 20 minutes. Season. Flavor improves if chowder is allowed to cool then reheated

before serving. When ready to serve put two tablespoons of evaporated milk in each soup dish and pour chowder over it. Delicious with Portuguese-type bread.

**There's a huge open charcoal grill (well stocked with Ford Briquets) where lobsters and steaks are broiled at this ship-like Provincetown restaurant built out over the water. Open May 15 to December 1, from noon to midnight.**

← painting of Flagship by George Shellhase

← painting of Kerhulu by John Walsh

## *Kerhulu Restaurant, Quebec*

### **Stuffed Chicken Legs**

Remove upper part of bone from a chicken leg, leaving enough at the end so that the leg holds its shape. Stuff with a light pork stuffing. Season with salt, pepper and spices. Sear in butter until golden brown. Add one chopped carrot and onion and allow to steam for 10 minutes. Then add one glass of white wine and a half cup of chicken bouillon. Simmer 50 minutes. Remove chicken leg, allow to drip and take out stitching. (Leg should hold its shape.) Skim excess grease from sauce and add some *deux-glaces* (juice saved from a roast of beef or veal). Press through sieve and taste for seasoning. Add chopped mushrooms which have been sautéed in butter. Arrange leg on

serving platter and pour sauce on top. Allow one chicken leg per serving and increase amount of sauce accordingly.

**A truly French restaurant is this one at 22 Rue de la Fabrique in Quebec City. The founder, Kerhulu, and his chef, Emil Cheneau, came from France and have made their food, liqueur chocolates and pastries internationally famous. Open daily for lunch and dinner.**





## *Eibner's, Minnesota*

### **Date-Nut Torte**

4 eggs, beaten  
1 cup sugar  
1 cup bread crumbs, dry  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
12 ounces dates, chopped  
1 cup walnuts, chopped  
Whipped cream

Slowly add sugar to eggs and beat until thick and lemon-colored. Mix bread crumbs with baking powder and salt and fold carefully into egg mixture. Add vanilla and spread in a well greased and floured pan. Sprinkle with dates

← painting of Eibner's by James F. Heinlen

← painting of The Corner Cupboard by John Englebart

## *The Corner Cupboard, Colorado*

### **Fudge Cake**

3 squares chocolate  
1 cup milk  
1 cup sugar  
 $\frac{1}{3}$  cup butter  
2 eggs  
1 teaspoon soda  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sifted flour  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking powder  
Pinch of salt  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Warm a half cup of milk and cook chocolate in it; then let cool. Cream sugar with butter, beat in eggs and remaining half cup of milk. Dissolve soda in a little hot water and beat in flour, baking powder, salt and vanilla. Makes two large or three small layers.

and walnuts. Bake in a 325° oven for 45-60 minutes. Serve in squares topped with whipped cream.

Travelers stopping for a peaceful meal at Alois Eibner's attractive eating place in New Ulm will find it hard to believe that this community was nearly wiped out in a Sioux uprising less than ninety years ago. At 108 North Minnesota Street, the restaurant serves breakfast, lunch and dinner every day, except Monday.

Bake in 350° oven for 15 minutes.

This delightful mountain resort on the shores of Colorado's largest natural lake is on the western border of Rocky Mountain National Park. It is open from June 10 to September 25; you can spend a whole vacation at one of its lakeside cottages or just stop for a meal. Write P. O. Box 98, Grand Lake, for information.

# GAME SECTION

## *What Is It?*

It wouldn't be summer unless the tourist camera were clicking away at scenic views which in the final print will be hidden by the whole family standing wood-only in the foreground. Rebelling against his busy season, our camera proffers these self portraits for you to identify. Answers on page 63

photos by Three Lions



Neither a wheel nor an iron fence . . .

2







3

... not straw or a railroad brake.



4

## Where Is It?

See if you can stump the map, history and travel experts in the family with these descriptions of six cities, all in the United States. To check on their correct identification of the towns turn to page 63 for the answers.



### 1 A Lot of Hot Water

The town nearly surrounds a National Park, America's only government-owned spa . . . set amidst the forested Ouachita Mountains . . . greatest tourist attraction is the health baths of natural spring water which remains at a constant temperature of 143° . . . historians think that the first white men to visit the area were DeSoto and his followers who explored this region around 1541 . . . on U.S. 70 and 270 . . . Arkansas Derby is held here at Oaklawn Park Jockey Club.



### 2 Home of an Early Car

A horseless carriage was invented in 1869 by an Enos Clough of this town and he drove it for miles under its own power, until

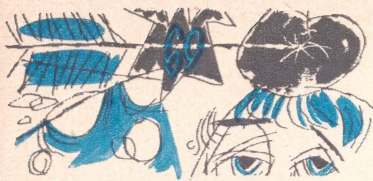
town authorities forbade its use because it frightened horses . . . a popular summer resort on the edge of a lake of the same name . . . industries include the manufacture of woolens, woodworking machinery and clothespins . . . its name Indian for 'wild goose water' . . . built over a steep hill which divides the small community into two sections . . . on New Hampshire State Highway 11.



### 3 Colorado Vacationland

On the shores of the largest natural body of water in Colorado . . . at the western border of Rocky Mountain National Park . . . an annual sailing regatta is held here in August for the Sir Thomas Lipton and Colorado trophies . . . can be reached over U.S. 40 via Berthoud Pass or from Estes Park via the Trail Ridge Road . . . the lake is noted for its fine trout fishing . . . elk and deer are plentiful for the hunters . . . an excellent ski course makes it popular in the winter season, also.





#### 4 Little Switzerland

In a county which produced a quarter of the nation's Swiss cheese . . . over Labor Day the colorful William Tell pageant is held in a natural amphitheater east of the village . . . named for a town in Switzerland . . . an interesting spot to visit is the Pet Milk Condensery where at the height of the season enough cans of milk to fill four freight cars are produced daily . . . on State Highway 69.



#### 5 Fish-Marketing Center

Ocean and inland waterways offer excellent fishing . . . the National Moth Boat Regatta held here each October . . . the Great Dismal Swamp attracts hunters of game . . . one of the largest fish-marketing centers in the South . . . only town on the four-mile length of the Pasquotank River . . . on U.S. 17 . . . occupied by Federal troops in 1862 . . . shipping point and retail center for a large section of North Carolina.



#### 6 On the Ohio

A commercial center and industrial city on the Ohio . . . much of the charm of this spot springs from its colorful river-town past when it was a gateway to the South . . . on U.S. 150 and 31 W . . . separated by a bridge from noted Kentucky town . . . glass making and the fabrication of plywood are leading industries . . . the largest city in Indiana when Indianapolis was still a wilderness . . . the Scribner brothers from New York founded the city in 1813 and named it for a town in their native state.

### ANSWERS

#### What Is It?

1. End of a roll film spool
2. Bellows of a camera
3. Filament of a flash bulb
4. Cocking device lever around the lens housing

#### Where Is It?

1. Hot Springs, Arkansas
2. Sunapee, New Hampshire
3. Grand Lake, Colorado
4. New Glarus, Wisconsin
5. Elizabeth City, North Carolina
6. New Albany, Indiana

## Contributors



CHET SHAFER, "The Sage of Three Rivers" (see page 2) is famous for his home-spun pieces in metropolitan dailies the country over and for founding the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers and the Society for the Preservation of Cast-Iron Wildlife. From five closely-typed pages of autobiography, in which choice items tumble over one another and demand attention, we have distilled the following:

"In the Fall of 1908 I matriculated at the University of Michigan. I had four subjects at school and a job as night bellhop. After the first semester my biology prof said I was sour on my crustaceans and my history prof said I was sour on my Phoenicians so I quit school in the spring. I once made a speech in Ann Arbor for the Michigan Press Club and Lee White of the Detroit News got up a resolution that my scholastic record of thirty years before be removed. The Dean refused to honor it.

"I started my career in *Three Rivers* in 1907. I wrote longhand. The typesetter couldn't read my handwritin' so she set the copy to suit herself. That's how I got credit for some early masterpieces. I once worked on the *Battle Creek Journal* and did an editorial titled 'Pro Bono Publico!' The editor stormed in, kicked over two desks, and told me if he wanted the paper written in Latin he'd hire Cicero—and fired me. In 1924 Malcolm Bingay hired me on the *Detroit News*. After a year I asked him for a raise and he queried, 'What for?' It was the shortest collective bargaining conference in history."

(Editor's note: As we go to press, word comes of Chet's death at the Veterans Hospital in Dearborn. Although our acquaintance with him was brief, we found in him a rare kindness and capacity for making friends.)

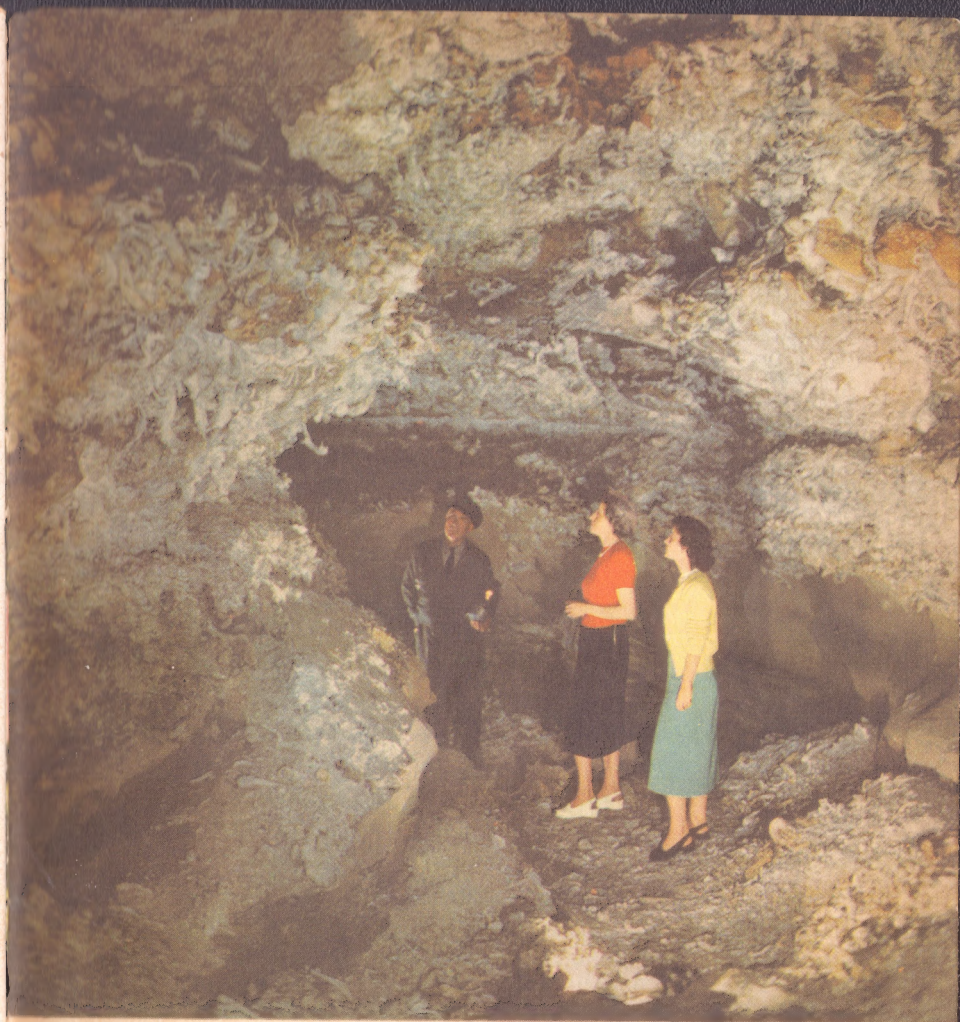


Don't think for a minute that CAL DUNN would be swallowed by a leopard; if anything, it would be the other way around. He says he always dresses this way when he works in his den. Accompanying the pictures that he did for Chet Shafer's *Three Rivers* story, was the following intelligence: Cal does art work because he loves it and commercial art work because he wants money to be rich. His studio is in Chicago, where he also collects guns, Dixieland jazz records and peanut brittle. He is 35 and famous.



The story on "Shake Rag Street" (page 42) is based on an original manuscript by BETTY CASS WILLOUGHBY, who has written more about the Cornish restoration in Wisconsin than anyone else. She was born in Savannah, Georgia, and is being brought up with enthusiasm by her three university-age sons. After two years at the University of Wisconsin, she worked for the *Hearst* paper in Baltimore and then wrote a column for the *Wisconsin State Journal* for twenty years. Disliking even well-padded ruts, she left the *Journal* two years ago and now does a daily radio program in Madison, besides writing articles. Mrs. Willoughby says she has sand in her shoes, thrift in her nature, and cussed determination in her character, and that these came to her from a great-grandmother who emigrated from Scotland and twice crossed the continent by covered wagon.





Guide Carl Hanson, one of the finders of Mammoth Cave's vast New Discovery, shows two cave employees some of the gypsum clusters that line the passageways of the as yet unopened portion of the famous caverns. The colorful mineral formations caused the above section to be called "Paradise Avenue." The New Discovery is expected to be open in a year or so. (See "Reunion at the Cave," page 51.) ■



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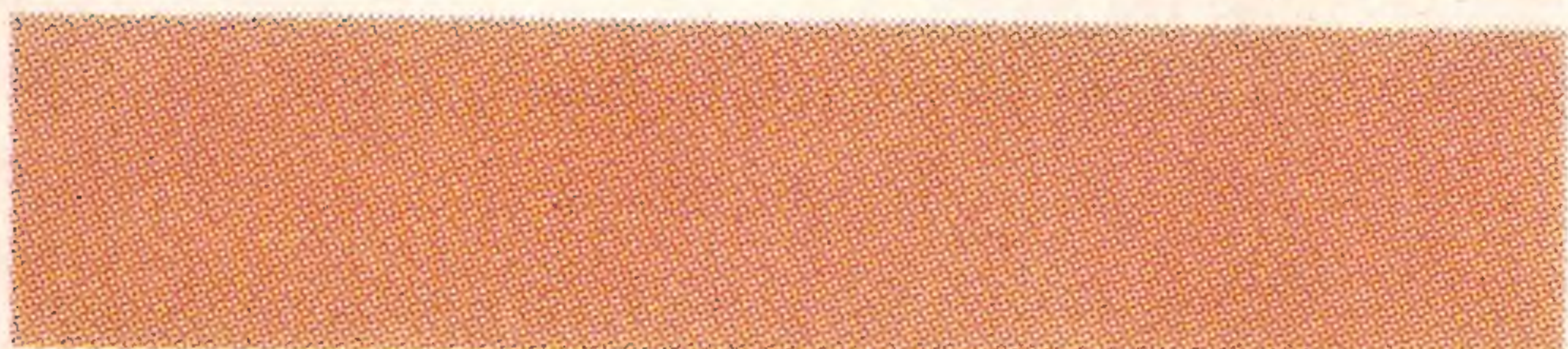
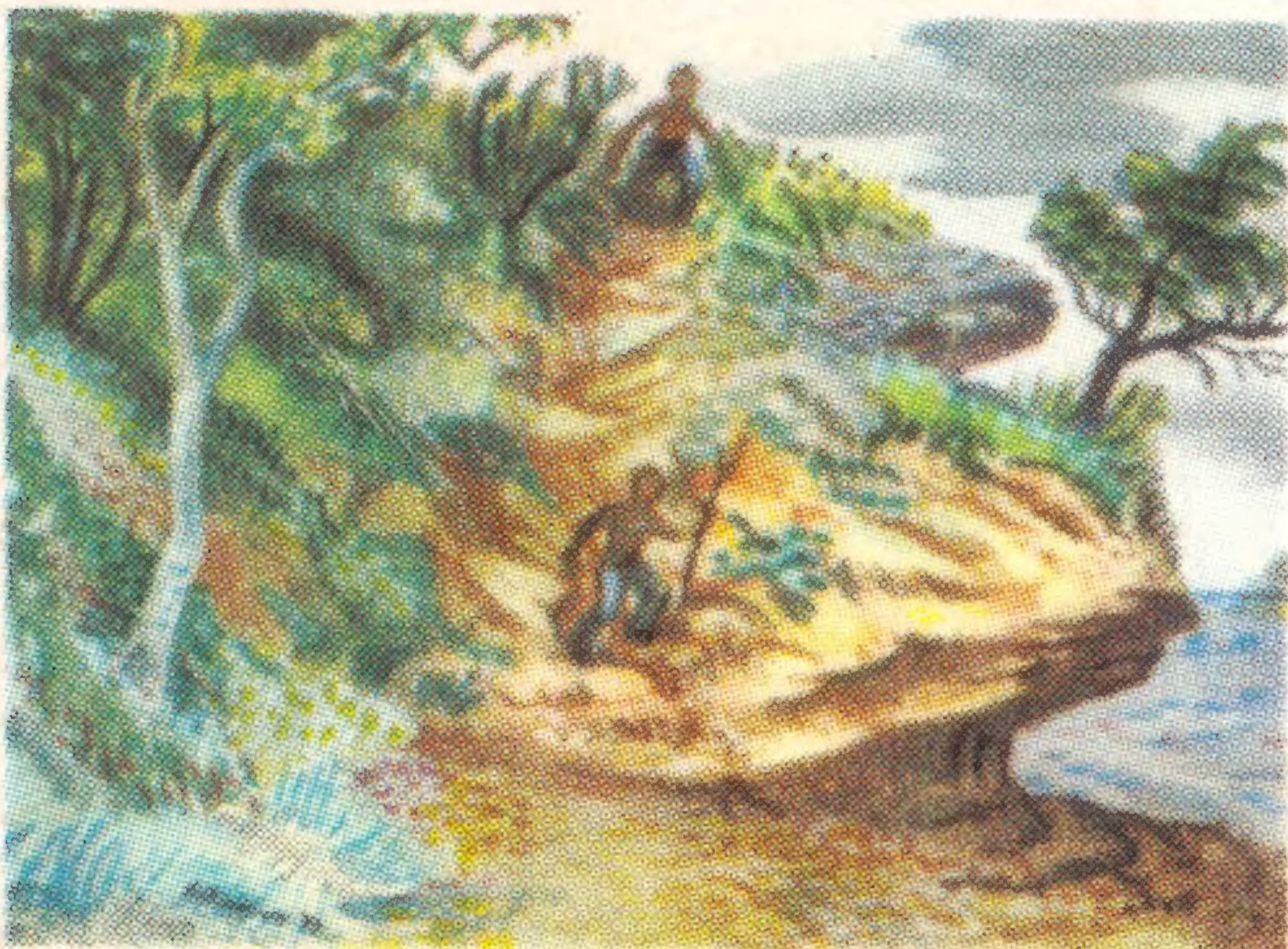
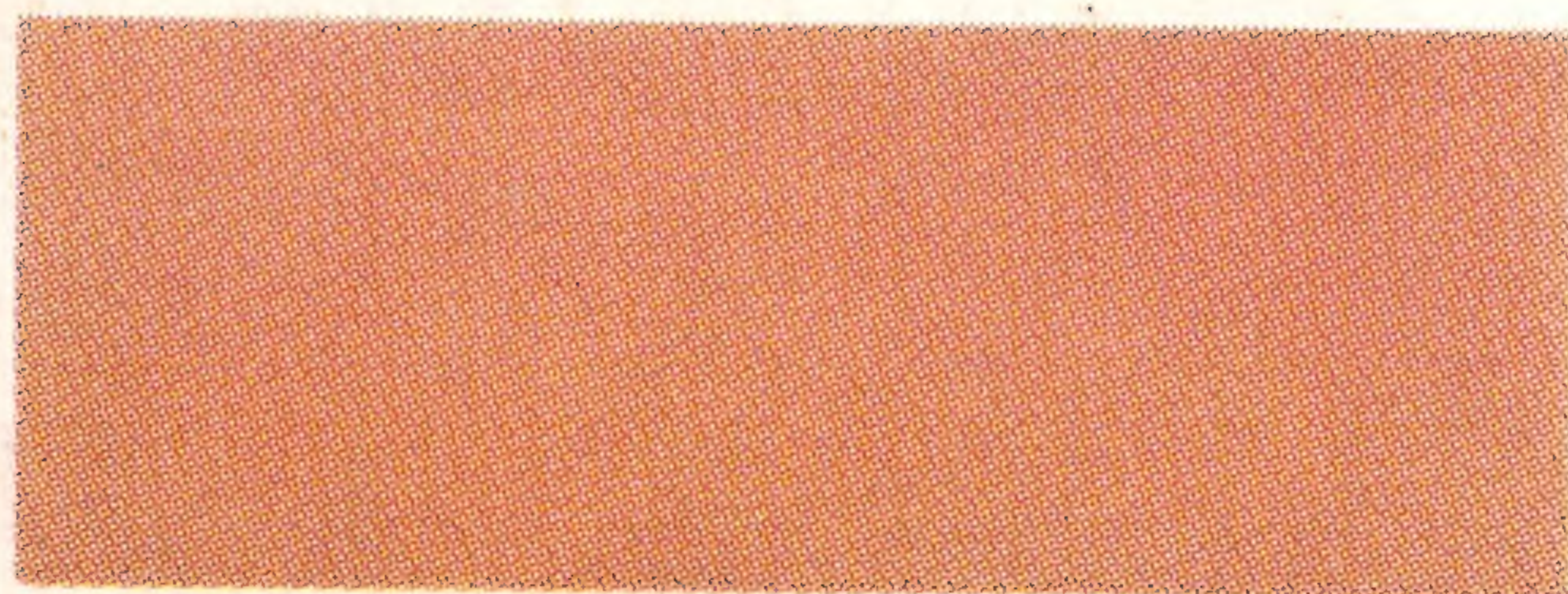
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Front cover—Two boys scrambling to the water's edge symbolize freedom and summer. Artist Elizabeth Nottingham of Virginia painted this scene at Yorktown Beach along the Tidewater, but it could be—and is—everywhere.

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